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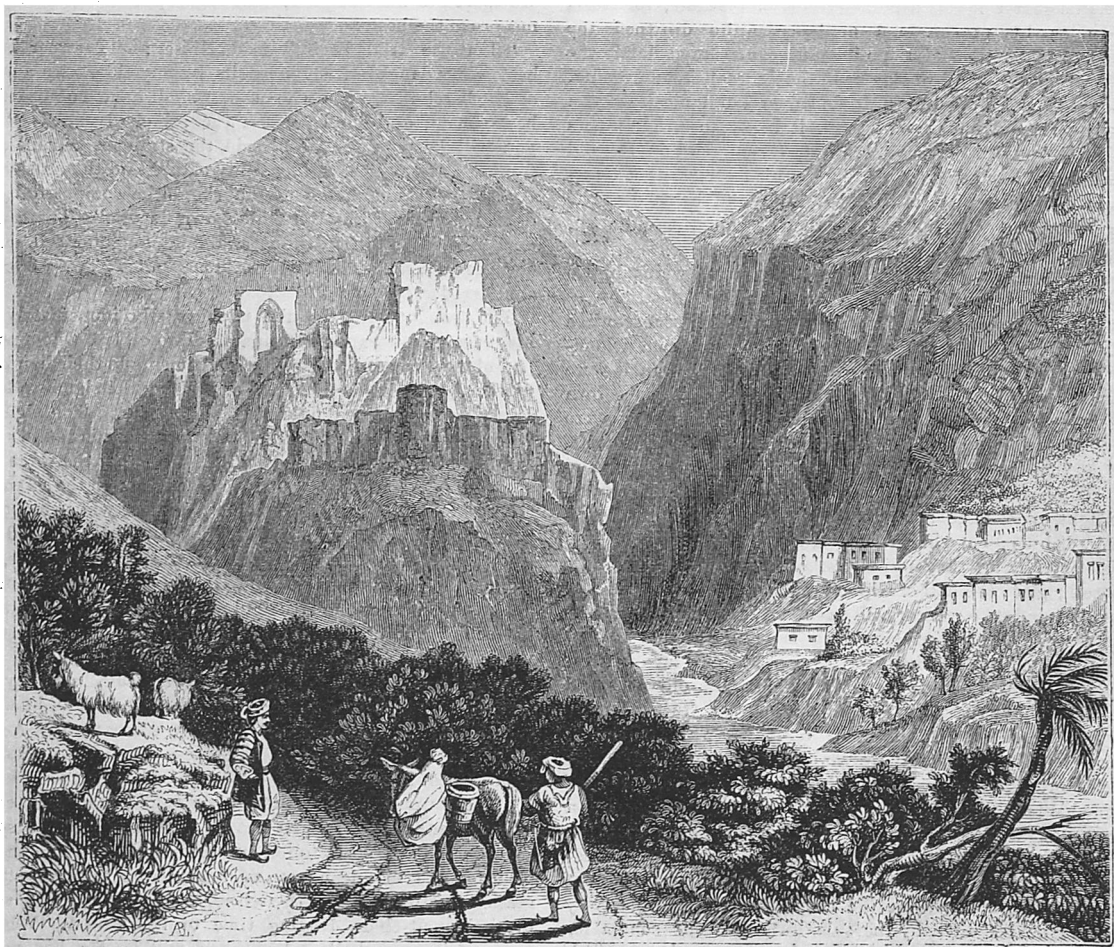
MOUNT AMANUS.

MOUNT AMANUS, which now bears the less euphonious appellation of *Alma Dug*, is one of a chain of mountains in Cilicia. It is a wild romantic spot, with lofty heights and impenetrable gorges—here giant hills, bleak, barren, and desolate, and here beautiful strips of verdure and cool refreshing waters. It resembles in its natural character the land of Syria, and sometimes is indeed called the Syria of Cilicia. The hills, the valleys, the herbage, the people, the sky of intensest blue, all recall the ideas we have formed of what the Holy Land must be; and those who have trodden the soil of Palestine acknowledge that this portion of Cilicia strongly reminds them of the land which flowed with milk and honey.

There are two great roads over the mountain, one of which leads to the sea-shore, where in the days of old the ports

other prodigious phenomena, and have bestowed upon the place a marvellous reputation for enchantment. Metals, and marbles of the most beautiful character, are still found in these mountains; but they are not one-half so beautiful, not one-half so rich and rare, as they appeared to the men of the old time. The people of the past lived in a world of wonders, for they understood but little of natural science, and to them everything was a mystery. Modern inquiry has made it apparent that the ancients knew but little of the geology or geography of Asia Minor.

The temperature of Mount Amanus is dry and sultry. Its solitudes are now rarely disturbed but by the passing of some caravan. Once it re-echoed to the tramp of conquering armies, but its glory has departed, and now but a few people



MOUNT AMANUS, IN CILICIA (ASIA MINOR). VIEW OF THE CHATEAU IN RUINS.

were situated to which Assyrian merchants came, and which were then considered the great marts of commerce and emporiums of the world.

The country is now covered with forest trees, and presents a strange, deserted aspect, and one may travel many a mile without meeting a single inhabitant. Yet the country once flourished; magnificent ruins still remain to tell of its ancient splendour. Xenophon speaks of Mount Amanus; Strabo dwells with infinite delight upon the picturesque beauties of that portion of Cilicia; and his contemporaries tell of wonderful things connected with the mountain. They mention an inflammable cavern, which seemed to them the very mouth of Hades, and yet was nothing more, perchance, than choked-up fire-damp; they mention petrified rivers, and

of the poorer sort inhabit its rocky heights and mountain fastnesses. Thus the peopled city arises where once the cry of the bitter alone disturbed the silence, and wild flocks pasture where towered palaces pointed to the sky.

The scene which our engraving represents is one of the most picturesque in Amanus. The lofty hills arise on every side and stretch their summits to the skies, the mountain pass is fringed with herbage, and the muleteer is returning to his home. To the right are a few scattered houses, their white fronts catching the eye from afar, and in the centre are the ruins of an old chateau. There is something mournfully beautiful in the whole, for it seems to tell how the spirit of change is passing over all things, and how the world's glory and the world's triumphs give place to silence and desolation.